THE GREAT GAME

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

It was a big day at the race track, and as it was also a holiday, there were at least four thousand men crowding and pushing one another in the pool room.

There were three men among the 4,000 who were vitally interested in each other's movements, but it was not until they came in from the second heat that Mr. William Lyman—address not found in the directory—discovered J. Brownley of the San Francisco detective force standing before the boards, well in front of the crowds and apparently studying the odds with thoughtful eye. It occurred to Mr. Lyman that J. Brownley's other eye was keeping watch on the rear exits.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive ears.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously, "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing. Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great, but you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite futurity. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He's followed us all the way from 'Frisco," he grumbled wrathfully, "an' three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tin-type, Mickey. I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. S'pose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrances and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvelously short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire?" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old game. We'll do somethin' original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch—awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd—the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our shins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thickest of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman caught Collins' eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering them over with the air of a man who has plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, leveling the weapon at Collins' head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and jammed against those in front. Only 20, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It was marvelous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more than 20 of whom knew the cause for their flight, were bearing down on him in a howling, fear-stricken mob, sweeping toward the rear exits. The pool room was not as lavishly provided with exits as the more modern structures, and a mob there was a thing to flee from.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to run for life or death in the same direction. Even as he ran Brownley saw men piling on each other in layers in their frantic efforts to jump from the windows, but he shot past them for the broader exit ahead and felt himself whiz dizzily through the air as he took a flying jump into the back inclosure and landed on all fours on something soft and struggling—a German of vast circumference, who swore frightfully at the concussion. A pain shot through Brownley's foot, but he rolled swiftly to one side, just as the pushing, struggling mass poured out on the ground.

It was over in three minutes, and men rushed from all sides to disentangle the heaped-up mass of humanity. Many picked themselves up and limped off, disheveled and cursing, but some had to be lifted carefully, with broken ribs and legs, and bleeding faces, and above and around there was a babel of excited questions. Rolls of money had disappeared in the rush, watches were lost and hats gone, but no one knew what had happened.

Later, some of the few who had seen it told how slight a matter had started a great stampede, and J. Brownley swore to himself as he went

"MESSRS. LYMAN AND COLLINS"

through the streets in an ambulance, with a leg and ankle that would lay him up for weeks to come, and 10,000 bruises distributed impartially over his person, but Messrs. William Lyman and M. Collins were far away, speeding through the land in a Pullman car and drinking cool drinks.

Even J. Brownley and his exasperated aids did not guess that they had done this thing.

"It was a great game," sighed Mr. Collins, contentedly, tapping his glass with his finger and noting with dreamy satisfaction that their nearest fellow-traveler was three chairs away. "It was the slickest thing I've seen this season, and there was lots of money dropped or pinched in the shuffle. I went in with the crowd, Billy, and I made some fair pickings myself."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Lyman, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We've made the haul of our lives this day, and if Brownley wasn't killed, it'll take him all summer to piece himself together again. It certainly was a great game, Mickey. We'll work it again."

All Right and Regular.

Neighbor—I've some awful bad news to tell ye, Mrs. Tubbs. Y'r husband was blowed up in the dynamite explosion this mornin', and y'r family doctor, who was talkin' to him at the time, got blowed up, too.

Mrs. Tubbs—Dearie me! Well, I'm glad the doctor was with him, 'cause now there won't need to be no inquest.—New York Weekly.

A Paying Profession.

Mr. Million—H'm! Want to marry my daughter? Newspaper reporter, I understand. I never heard of a newspaper reporter getting rich.

Mr. Quickpen—Oh, there are plenty of lucky reporters. I know a dozen who have married heiresses.—New York Weekly.

Corking Fishing.

Yeast—How was the fishing up in the country?

Crimsonbeak—Corking! I never killed so many worms in my life!

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of ignorance.—Sprite.

"LINGUIST" LOST HIS DINNER.

Man of Many Languages Dropped Around at Wrong Time.

"Madam," began the man with the red nose to the farmer's wife, "you see before you a learned man in hard luck. In fact, I am one of the world's greatest linguists."

"Is it painful?" she sympathetically asked.

"You don't understand, madam. A linguist is one who can talk the languages. Now, I can converse with you in Latin. I can tell you the sad story of my life in Greek. I can go to the lecture platform and lecture in any language known to man."

"Dew tell!" she gasped.

"Yes, madam, all the languages are spoken fluently by me. Were you German I would talk German with you; were you French, we would converse in the language of that country; were you Spanish, you would think from my talk that I was a native of the land of the dons."

"I want tew know! Mebbe you'd jest as soon ask fur a piece of pie in Latin?"

"Certainly, madam, E pluribus union semper idem de pumpkin."

"Wa-al, the idea!" exclaimed the amazed farmer's wife. "An' how does the French language sound?"

"Beautiful, madam. When I say in French, 'Parle yous rouget noir oui sausage?' I mean 'Isn't it a lovely day?'"

"Good land!"

"The same sentence in German would be, 'Ach, budweiser und der klempstein is oudt."

"Wa-al, wa-al, wa-al! How sum folks dew run tew smartness. Will ye take dinner with us?"

"Certainly, madam."

"It's real kind of ye to be obligin'. My son will be hum from college any minit, an' he writes that he knows all them languages. You an' him can talk 'em all over an' let pa an' me listen to ye. Would you like to step over to the washhouse an' wash up fur dinner? It's all ready."

The great "linguist" heaved a heavy sigh, muttered something about fool sons being around when they were not wanted, and started in the direction of the washhouse.

But he did not return.—The Bohemian.

Arithmetic Made Easy.

The class in business arithmetic in one of the New York evening schools is made up wholly of men who wield the pickax and push the shovel during the day. These men are ambitious to improve their minds, and the fact that they give up their evenings to study shows that they appreciate the value of a trained mind. But they are pathetically stupid in some things.

"On the first evening," said the teacher, "I asked the class: 'How much is six times two?' There was no apparent desire to shirk the question, but no amount of head scratching or knitting of brows could bring forth an answer.

"'I'll put the question in another way,' said I. 'Suppose your boss is paying you at the rate of two dollars a day, how much do you get at the end of a week's work?'

"Every man had his hand up. 'Twelve dollars,' said one in the first row.

"These men can think in dollars and cents quickly enough," said the teacher, "but figures are Greek to them."

Criticism of the Dissenter.

It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say no, but it certainly is the essence of amiability to prefer to say yes where it is possible. There is something wrong in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say no. And there was a great deal wanting in this born dissenter. He was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses; he had not enough of them to be truly polar with humanity; whether you called him a demigod or a demi-man, he was at least not altogether one of us, for he was not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The world's heroes have room for all positive qualities, even those which are disreputable, in the capacious theater of their dispositions. Such can live many lives; while a Thoreau can live but one, and that only with perpetual foresight.—Stevenson.

The Marriage Age.

The marriage age in Austria is 14 years for both sexes; Germany, the man at 18, the woman at 14; Belgium, the man at 18, the woman at 15; Spain, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Mexico, with parental consent, 16 and 18, otherwise 21 for both; France, the man at 18, the woman at 15; Greece, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Hungary, Catholics, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Protestants, the man at 18, the woman at 15; Portugal, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Russia, the man at 18, the woman at 15; Saxony, the man at 18, the woman at 16; Switzerland, the man at 14, the woman at 12.

Too Many Tips.

"So you're looking for work again?"

"Yessah," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I thought you had a job with a tailor."

"Yessah. I thought I was gwineter make my fortune out o' dat job. De tailor would stan' a customer up an' take out a tape measure an' begin to call out numbers."

"Of course."

"I followed 'im as long as I could. But, 'deed, boss, my salary warn't big enough to play all dem policy gigs!"—Washington Star.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 15, 1908

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Psalm 23; read also John 10:1-18. Commit entire Psalm.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Psalm 23:1.

AUTHOR.—David.

TIME.—Either in his youth, or later in a review of his life. Barton places it during Absalom's rebellion, referring to 2 Sam. 17:27-29.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Good Shepherd Shepherding His Sheep.—Vs. 1-3. "On such a wilderness of mirage, illusive paths, lurking terrors, and infrequent spots of herbage, it is evident that the person and character of the shepherd must mean a great deal more to the sheep than they can possibly mean with us. With us, sheep left to themselves may be seen any day—in a field or on a hillside with a traveling wire fence to keep them from straying. But I do not remember ever to have seen in the east a flock of sheep without a shepherd. On such a landscape as I have described he is obviously indispensable."

The sheep in modern times under civilized governments are as really protected by the shepherd as are those in the open fields of the orient; only in a different way. The laws take the place of clubs and crooks. Fences and police guards are but another mode of protecting the sheep from labyrinthine paths and desert dangers, and of guiding them to the green pastures and waters of rest.

This is equally true of life. By a fuller knowledge of natural and divine law, by the protection, which Christian civilization bestows, and the guidance of God's word, many things are done for us which needed once more visible guidance. But it is the same shepherding as was given of old.

The Good Shepherd loves his sheep with an everlasting love. He gives his life for the sheep.

He left heaven, his home, and became man; taught, suffered, died, that he might find his lost ones.

"The shepherdhood of Christ and the fatherhood of God are the two most comforting assurances of Scripture."—Hugh Black.

The Good Shepherd Knows His Sheep by Name. "It is a remarkable fact in oriental husbandry, that in a flock of hundreds of thousands each individual sheep has its name, knows it, and is known by it." This implies: 1. That the shepherd takes a living, personal interest in each individual. 2. That he knows each individual's peculiar circumstances, so that he ministers to each one what he specially needs and requires. 3. That he assigns to each one the work for which he is best fitted. 4. That he can accept the love and loyalty of each individual. Jesus, the Good Shepherd, does all this and more for his flock.

"Every life needs shepherding; and a shepherd knows his sheep by their weakness and faults, and measures his care of them thereby; and when the Good Shepherd calls his own sheep, he calls them by the name which suggests at once their failing and his help, and his call thus becomes a tender appeal, for it is both a remembrancer and a promise."—Hugh Black.

The Good Shepherd is Our Guide Through Life. "He leadeth me." "Guideth me on a journey from which it is easy to stray from the right path." "In the paths of righteousness." "In the right tracks, those that lead directly and safely to the place of destination."—Prof. C. A. Briggs. "Often have I roamed through the shepherd country in my youth and watched how hard it is to choose the right path for the sheep; one leads to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep cannot find the way back; and the shepherd was always going ahead, 'leading' them in the right paths, proud of his good name as a shepherd."—Song of the Syrian Shepherd.

"Thy rod and thy staff" "are not synonymous, for even the shepherd of to-day, though often armed with a gun, carries two instruments of wood, his great oak club, thick enough to brain a wild beast, and his staff to lean upon or to touch his sheep with, while the ancient shepherd without firearms would surely still more require both."—George Adam Smith.

The staff is the common shepherd's crook, by which he can draw a wandering sheep toward him or pull him out of some crevice or away from some poisonous herb.

"They comfort me." "We must not miss the force of the good old word 'comfort' (con, together; fortis, strong). It means far more than simply to console. It signifies to tone up the whole nature, to strengthen a man so that all his energies can be brought to bear."—M. R. Vincent.

"Goodness and mercy" (the qualities of God) "shall follow me," pursue me, hunt me.

One need not seek anxiously for them as an illusive blessing, as the child seeks in vain for the rainbow; but they will pursue him and overtake him, if only he is a true sheep.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." In his house, and under the heavenly influences of his house, wherever he may be. On earth and in heaven he will serve him day and night in his temple. A member of God's family here will be a member there where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes." (Rev. 7:16, 17.)